

Guide to Life.

No. XVIII.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1844.

PRICE 1½d.

¶ The plans for the new avenue, to be called the Queen's Road, extending from the Uxbridge Road to High Street, Kensington, being the site of the late Royal Kitchen Gardens, have at length been decided upon. The designs of Messrs. Wyatt and Brandon, Mr. Owen Jones, and Mr. Kendall, are those selected, all of which are in the Italian style. The mansions are to be built with stone, and some of them will contain more than forty rooms, and apartments *en suite* upwards of 100 feet in



THE GATEWAY TO THE NEW MANSIONS AT KENSINGTON GARDENS.

length. Mr. Blashfield, the lessee under the Crown, has undertaken to have them finished during the coming summer. Twenty-one detached villas have been commenced on either side, each surrounded by nearly an acre of garden ground. The villas upon the east side command a view of Kensington Gardens. The management is in the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who are about to build two lodge-entrances, and to select and pay liveried gatekeepers, and other subordinates.

INSURRECTION IN HAYTI—WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER BY THE BLACKS.—The following lamentable account of the insurrection at Hayti, we copy from the *Jamaica Gazette* of the 8th of April:—"The French brig *Adelina*, Captain Tahet, arrived in this port on Saturday evening, bringing disastrous intelligence, and no less than one hundred and forty passengers, including twenty-five children, all persons of colour, and compelled to fly from their native land, to seek refuge under the flag of foreigners. Our readers may remember, that the new President, Herard, had marched with a large army for St. Domingo city, to quell the insurrection in the eastern portion of the island. Taking advantage of the absence of the general and troops, the black people rose *en masse* on Sunday, the 31st ultimo, and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the brown population. On Wednesday, the National Guards of the town of Aux Cayes went out with two pieces of ordnance to suppress the rebellion and punish the rebels; but, as we have learned, their own general commanding delivered up the cannon to the blacks, and joined them himself. Thus strengthened, they drove the National Guard back to Aux Cayes, entered the town, and commenced a relentless butchery, murdering every brown person, without regard to sex or age. The wretched inhabitants had no means of defence, nor refuge, save on board the few foreign ships lying in the harbour—French, American, and English. Into these they crowded in confused and huddled batches—men, women, and children literally covering the decks, and exhibiting a distressing spectacle of misery and sudden destitution. But the decked vessels were not sufficient to hold the number of wretched refugees; the port was dotted over with small open boats, each containing as many human beings as it could hold, who dared not remain on land to await certain massacre, and yet could have little hope of escape by sea. Captain Tahet, a man worthy of his country and of humanity, could not for a moment think of leaving to a miserable fate those who had fled to his protection and the guardianship of the tricolour. He was bound for France, and had but provision sufficient for his crew. To Cuba, or Porto Rico, which would have been on his route, he could not bring his poor *proteges*, for there they would not have been received. With disin-

terested generosity, therefore, he sailed for Jamaica, and here has safely landed his unhappy freight. Most of these made their escape from shore without any other property than their wearing apparel—some, indeed, with scarcely that. At eight o'clock on Thursday even last, Captain Tahet set sail, and at that time the work of blood was going on, and the port crowded in the manner mentioned. We shall probably have some of the other vessels with the refugees arriving here to-day. When the *Adelina* left, her commander had just got his letters from St. Domingo, and though rumours were rife, there was no certain information of any encounter having taken place between Herard and the Spanish revoltors."

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.—The most singular instance of the power of the will over the functions of the body, and, taken altogether, perhaps the most remarkable case on record, being supported by the testimony of unquestionable authority, is related by Dr. Cheyne in his *English Malady*. It is the case of the Hon. Colonel Townshend, who for many years had suffered from an organic disease of the kidney, by which he was greatly emaciated. He was attended by Dr. Cheyne, Dr. Baynard, and Mr. Skrine; and these gentlemen were sent for early one morning to witness a singular phenomenon. He told them he had for some time observed an odd sensation, by which, if he composed himself, he could die or expire when he pleased, and by an effort come to life again. The medical attendants were averse, in his weak state, to witness the experiment, but he insisted upon it, and the following is Dr. Cheyne's account:—

"We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least emotion in his heart, nor Mr. Skrine the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth; then each of us

by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath; but could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last were satisfied he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half-an-hour, by nine o'clock in the morning in autumn. As we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of the heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently and speak softly; we were astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him, and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. He afterwards called for his attorney, added a codicil to his will, settled legacies on his servants, received the sacrament, and calmly and composedly expired about five or six o'clock that evening. His body was examined, and all the viscera, with the exception of the right kidney, which was greatly diseased, were found perfectly healthy and natural. This power of the will, to die or live at pleasure, is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable phenomena connected with the natural history of the human body."

PUNCH'S LAST.

MORE HINTS TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—TO WIVES.—Your first consideration before marriage was how to please your lover. Consider any such endeavour, after marriage, to be unnecessary and ridiculous; and, by way of amends for your former labour, let your sole object be to please yourself. Be at no pains to look well of a morning. A long toilet is tiresome; particularly when it is cold. "Taking the hair out" occupies nearly ten minutes; come down to breakfast, therefore, in curl papers; also in a flannel dressing-gown; and, unless you expect callers, remain *deshabille* all day. Husbands are nobodies, and comfort is to be studied before appearance. But are you to neglect your attire altogether? By no means. Indulge your taste in dress to the utmost. Be always buying something new; never mind the expense of it—payments belong to husbands. If you see a shawl or bonnet in the window, order it. Should a silk or a muslin attract your eye, desire it to be sent home. Does a feather, a ribbon, a jewel strike your fancy? purchase it instantly. If your husband is astonished at the bill, pout; if he remonstrates, cry. But do not spoil your finery by domestic wear. Reserve it for promenades and parties. It is the admiration of society that you should seek for, not your husband's. Be constantly seeing tables, chairs, window curtains, and other furniture which you like better than your own, and insist upon their being got. Want to get rid of your old piano, and have a new one. If your husband keeps a carriage for you, desire a better; if he does not, and cannot afford it, complain. Whenever your desires exceed his means, look unhappy, and hint how much more advantageously you *might* have married. Never smile and hope for better things, but make your husband feel, as keenly as you can, the inadequacy of his means to support you. Practise, however, a reasonable economy. Take every opportunity of making a cheap purchase; and when asked of what use it is? reply, that it is "a bargain." Enjoy ill health. Be very nervous; and, in particular, subject to fits, which you are to fly into as often as your husband is unkind, that is, whenever he reasons with you. Make the most of every little ache or pain, and insist upon having a fashionable physician. There is something very elegant in illness—a prettiness in a delicate constitution; affect this attraction if you have it not—men admire it exceedingly. Have a female confidant, who will instruct you in all the ill qualities of husbands generally, and will supply any deficiencies in the above hints. In conclusion, bear these grand principles in mind—that men must be crossed and thwarted continually, or they are sure to be tyrants; that a woman, to have her rights, must stand up for them; and that the behaviour which won a man's affections, is by no means necessary to preserve them.

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.—During the panic of 1825, a woman, who had long attended the Bristol market as a vendor of vegetables, walked into Stuckey's banking-house, on the Quay, and making her way direct to the cashier's desk, thus addressed Mr. M——:—"How d'ye do, Sir? I do hope you be charming: I've got a bit of a favour to ax you. They do tell I that things be going on but queerish like up in Lunnnon, and it so happens that I've saved by a five pound Bank of England note, and I should be 'bliged to you if so be as how you'd be so kind as to give I gold for it." "My good woman," replied the cashier, "I'm sorry I can't do what you ask. We are not in the habit of giving change to strangers." "Lord love'e, I beant no stranger; I've served Madam M—— wi' garden-stuff for many a long day. She do know I pretty well I should think, or she wouldn't have nixed I to find out a decentish wholesome young woman to nurse your last dear beautiful baby. So now you do know all about it; and I'm bound won't refuse to give change for this nice clean looking Lunnnon bank note." "I tell you again I cannot," was somewhat snappishly replied; "I am too busy to listen to you just now, so

it's no use your staying." "I ax pardon, Sir, but I won't keep 'e a minute; if Madam was here, she'd get it for me in less than no time; she said only last Saturday, as ever was, she never tasted such beautiful gold runnets as the lot I was pleased to sell her the week afore." The cashier evinced strong symptoms of impatience; these were not lost upon the applicant, who, in a most winning tone, resumed—"Well, now, I'll tell 'e what—since you won't give I gold, maybe you'll be so uncommon kind as to change this here Bank o' England for one of your own notes of the same vally? I'd a precious sight rather have *that*, 'cause I do know there is no fear o' your breaking all to bits, though they do say a mortal sight o' banks have done so lately." "Certainly, Ma'am," blandly responded Mr. M——; "I'll do that with a great deal of pleasure." The proposed exchange was made. "Thank 'e kindly, Sir; you be as civil a spoken gentleman as a body may wish to meet, and sartin sure I'll tell Madam so the next time she do come to my standing." Thinking the business concluded to the mutual satisfaction of the parties, the cashier turned on his heel, and was about to ensconce himself behind his desk, when the dealer in greens suddenly checked his progress by audibly reading: "Promise to pay five pounds on demand. Oh! ye do, do ye? Then I say, Mr. M——, I don't mean no offence, or to say anything unpleasant like; but I'm hanged if I *don't* have gold now, or I'll stick myself up at the door, and cry out 'The bank be stopped.' " Need we say this unsophisticated child of nature carried her point.—*Devonshire Chronicle*.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—A few days since, Mr. Emidy, "master of the horse" to Mr. Batty, the proprietor of Astley's Theatre, undertook for a wager, to drive fourteen pair of horses, from Westminster-road to Greenwich and back in the space of two hours and a half. Large crowds of persons, attracted by the novelty of the bet, gathered in the neighbourhood of the theatre, and all the windows whence a view of the carriage could be had were filled with spectators. Precisely at five minutes to one o'clock two outriders, mounted on handsome piebald palfreys started from the theatre. They were immediately followed by Mr. Emidy, the company of actors, and the band, in a large van drawn by twenty-eight horses. They set off at first at a steady pace up the York-road, where getting beyond the crowd, they increased their speed, and turned down Waterloo-road, proceeding thence to the London-road, and then straight to Greenwich. Mr. Emidy appeared to have no difficulty whatever in the management of the horses, but held the reins with as much ease and confidence as an omnibus driver would with his single pair. Not the slightest accident occurred, with the exception of the breaking of the traces; and at twenty minutes past three o'clock (five minutes within the allotted time) the carriage returned to the doors of Astley's Theatre.

DEATH IN A WINE-VAT.—M. Périer, of Fabregues, near Montpellier, having purchased the lees of an immense wine-vat at Villeneuve, had it opened at the top and went down into it, accompanied by a workman named Merle. In a moment after the brother of Merle, hearing the noise of a person falling down inside the vat, went to examine the cause. As he, too, remained for a time without returning, his two daughters, who were by, called aloud for help, and a farm servant, named Jullien, not suspecting the real state of the case, likewise entered the fatal tun, and he also remained silent to all inquiries from above. At length an aperture was made in the side of the vat, and the four persons were taken out; but it was too late, the fumes of the contents had extinguished the lives of all beyond recovery.

THE GRAVE OF ROB ROY.—It is seldom, now-a-days, that we hear of the sepulchres of the dead being violated, but a case of a peculiar kind lately occurred in the remote parish of Balquhider. About two years since the peaceful inhabitants of that beautiful vale were shocked at finding that the parish burial-ground had been desecrated during the previous night, by some miscreants, and that the grave of the famous Rob Roy had been violated. Many of our readers will recollect that the grave of the celebrated outlaw is situated near the east end of the church. A large stone of rather unchiselled aspect, and having a broad sword, a star, and other insignia, rudely carved on it, covers Rob's resting-place. This stone, which from its weight must have required the united strength of at least two persons to displace it, had been removed, and the earth dugged up to the depth of some three or four feet. The motive for committing so gross an outrage is supposed to have been the desire of possessing the bones, or rather some relics of the bones, of the celebrated outlaw, whose name and deeds the novelist has so widely published. If such was the motive, the spoliators have undoubtedly been defeated in their object; for independent of the decay which the lapse of time must have wrought on the skull, and thigh, and arm-bones of their once muscular owner, several other M'Gregors have since been interred in the same narrow-house, and one so lately as eight years ago. Thus the ashes of various M'Gregors have mingled with those of their famous clansman, and he must be both a curious and skilful antiquarian and anatomist, who can now speak to any of the scraps as veritable relics of the redoubtable outlaw.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ROBINSON,
MISTRESS OF GEORGE IV., WRITTEN BY HERSELF.
(Continued from our last, page 131.)

On the following day we proceeded to Monmouth. Some relations of my mother residing there, particularly my grandmother; I wished to remain there till my strength was somewhat restored. We were received with genuine affection; we were caressed with unfeigned hospitality. The good and venerable object of my visit was delighted to embrace her great grandchild, and the family fire-side was frequently a scene of calm and pleasing conversation. How different were these moments from those which I had passed with the low-minded inhabitants of Tregunter!

My grandmother, though then near seventy years of age, was still a pleasing woman; she had in her youth been delicately beautiful: and the neat simplicity of her dress, which was always either brown or black silk, the piety of her mind, and the mildness of her nature, combined to render her a most endearing object.

As soon as my strength recovered, I was invited to partake of many pleasant entertainments. But the most favourite amusement I selected, was that of wandering by the river Wye, or exploring the antique remains of Monmouth castle, a part of which reached the garden of my grandmother's habitation. I also constantly accompanied my amiable and venerable relative to church; and I have often observed, with a mixture of delight, and almost of envy, the tranquil resignation which religion diffused over her mind, even at the very close of human existence. This excellent woman expired of a gradual decay in the year 1780.

We had resided at Monmouth about a month, when I was invited to a ball. My spirits and strength had been renovated by the change of scenery, and I was persuaded to dance. I was at that time particularly fond of the amusement, and my partial friends flattered me by saying, that I measured the mazy figure like a sylph. I was at that period a nurse; and, during the evening, Maria was brought to an anti-chamber to receive the only support she had ever yet taken. Unconscious of the danger attendant on such an event, I gave her her accustomed nourishment immediately after dancing. It was agitated by the violence of exercise and the heat of the ball-room, and, on my return home, I found my infant in strong convulsions.

My distraction, my despair, was terrible; my state of mind rendered it impossible for me to afford any internal nourishment to the child, even when her little mouth was parched, or the fit in the smallest degree abated: I was little less than frantic: all the night I sat with her on my arms: an eminent medical man attended,—the convulsions continued, and my situation was terrible: those who witnessed it cautiously avoided informing me that the peril of my infant proceeded from my dancing: had I known it at that period I really believe I should have lost my senses.

In this desperate state, with only short intervals of rest, my darling continued till the morning: all my friends came to make inquiries; and, among others a clergyman who visited at my grandmother's. He saw the child, as it was thought, expiring; he saw me still sitting where I had taken my place of despair on the preceding night, fixed in the stupor of unutterable affliction. He conjured me to let the child be removed; I was in a raging fever; the effects of not having nourished my child during twelve hours began to endanger my own existence, and I looked forward to my dissolution as the happiest event that could befall me.

Still Maria lay upon my lap: and still I resisted every attempt that was made to remove her. Just at this period the clergyman recollected that he had seen one of his children relieved from convulsions by a simple experiment, and he requested my permission to try its effects. The child was given over by my medical attendant, and I replied, "However desperate the remedy, I conjure you to administer it."

He now mixed a table spoonfull of spirit of aniseed, with a small quantity of spermaceti, and gave it to my infant. In a few minutes the convulsive spasms abated; and in less than an hour she sunk into a sweet and tranquil slumber. What I felt may be pictured to a fond mother's fancy, but my pen would fail in attempting to describe it.

Some circumstances now occurred which gave Mr. Robinson reason to believe that he was not safe at Monmouth, and we prepared for a removal to some other quarter. The day was fixed for commencing our journey, when an execution arrived for a considerable sum, and Mr. Robinson was no longer at liberty to travel. My alarm was infinite; the sum was too large for the possibility of liquidation, and, knowing Mr. Robinson's desperate fortune, I thought it unjust as well as ungenerous to attempt the borrowing of it. Fortunately the sheriff of the county was a friend of the family. He was a gentlemanly and amiable man, and offered (to avoid any unpleasant dilemma) to accompany us to London. We set out the same evening, and never slept till we arrived in the metropolis.

I immediately hastened to my mother, who resided in Buckingham-street, York-buildings, now the Adelphi. Her joy was boundless; she kissed me a thousand times; she kissed my beautiful infant; while Mr. Robinson employed the day in accommodating the business which had

brought him to London. He had been arrested by a friend, with a hope that so near a father's habitation, such a sum would have been paid; at least such is the reason since assigned for such unfriendly conduct!*

The matter was however arranged on an explanation taking place, and Mr. Robinson engaged a lodging near Berner's-street, whither we repaired on the same evening. My little collection of poems, which I had arranged for publication, and which had been ready ever since my marriage, I now determined to print immediately. They were indeed trifles, very trifles—I since perused them with a blush of self-reproach, and wondered how I could venture on presenting them to the public. I trust that there is not a copy remaining, excepting that which my dear partial mother fondly preserved, and which is now in my possession.

I had been in town a few days, when some female friends persuaded me to accompany a party which they had formed to Ranelagh. Mr. Robinson declined going, but after much entreaty, I consented. I had now been married near two years; my person was considerably improved; I was grown taller than when I became Mr. Robinson's wife, and I had now more the manners of a woman of the world than those of girlish simplicity, which had hitherto characterized me, though I had been some months absent from London, and a part of them rusticated among mountains. The dress which I wore was plain and simple: it was composed of pale lilac lustring. My head had a wreath of white flowers; I was complimented on my looks by the whole party, and with little relish for public amusements, and a heart throbbing with domestic solicitude, I accompanied the party to Ranelagh.

(To be continued in our next.)

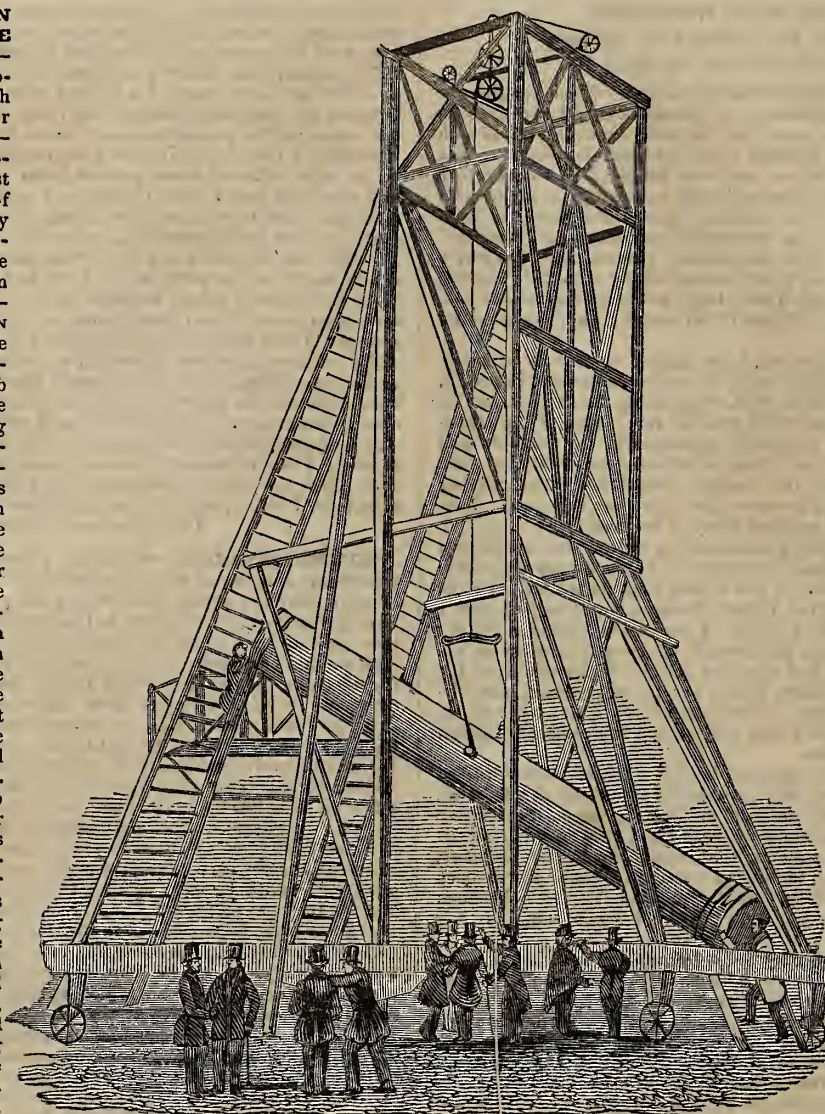
SOMNAMBULISM.—A Smyrna journal gives the following extraordinary account of a somnambulist:—"In the capital of the island of Syra there is a young man from a town on the border of the Black Sea, aged about eighteen years, tall in stature, and of robust constitution, who went to Syra about nine months ago to follow his studies at the Gynnasium. It frequently happens that, almost immediately after falling asleep, he gets up and makes remarkable declamations. Sometimes he recites very long speeches from Xenophon with perfect correctness, although when awake he cannot remember more than a few lines. One night he wrote the theme he had to deliver the next day. In the morning, having overslept himself, he was vexed at not having time to prepare himself for his tutor; but great was his astonishment at finding on his table his stipulated composition, written by his own hand, folded, and ready to be given in. The professor was surprised at finding it so well done, and still more so when the young scholar became embarrassed, and unable to answer certain questions put to him on the subject. Doubts were entertained as to its being his own work; but a companion who slept in the same room with him came voluntary forward, and declared that in the night he saw his fellow-student seated at the table writing, and calling upon his father to assist him in composing his theme. When in a state of somnambulism he plays at cards, and uniformly wins. This is attributed to his having the faculty at that time of knowing what cards are in the hands of the rest of the party. When in this state, also, he has been taken by his companions to a tavern, and when, after eating and drinking with them, he awoke, he was greatly astonished at finding himself where he was. It appears that, in his somnolent state, his sense of feeling is entirely suspended, while all the other senses are alive and active. At first, the slightest touch would wake him; but now he is totally insensible to any violence, even that which would in others, or in himself, when awake, produce acute pain. In general, on coming out of his state of somnambulism, he is so weak and languid as to faint away. One fact is more extraordinary than the rest. One day, when in his dormant state, he announced that three persons, whom he named, were coming to see him. In an hour after these three persons entered the room.

NEW OBLITERATING STAMP AT THE POST OFFICE.—By command of the noble Earl (Lonsdale), the Postmaster-General, a newly-invented obliterating stamp is now in use. The stamp is of the circular form, and bears in its centre the number of the post-town whence the letter is despatched. To the public this stamp furnishes peculiar advantages, and the benefit of its use in the office is also equally apparent. The post towns from Abingdon to Yeovil are alphabetically arranged and consecutively numbered: thus Leicester bears the impress 449 in the centre of the obliterating mark, it being the 449th town on the list. The use of spoiled stamps struck with an uniform obliterating stamp is in this manner prevented, while it enables the duty of the inland-office to be more expeditiously performed, as the postage frank is obliterated by the country postmaster, thus securing the vast body of correspondence intended for delivery in the metropolis, from being delayed by that process having to be gone through in the London office. The mark has also the advantage of appearing much more business-like than the confused mode of obliteration originally adopted.

* This gentleman's name is Hanway, the person mentioned in the former part of this work as Mr. Robinson's earliest friend!

DISCOVERIES IN THE MOON, BY THE EARL OF ROSSE.

In accordance with our promise of last week, we publish for the gratification of our readers two illustrations—one representing the discoveries announced in our last number—the other a view of the Gigantic Telescope, by the aid of which these remarkable discoveries were made. In the construction of this Monster Machine,—THE LARGEST TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD, the Earl of Rosse encountered numerous difficulties, the chief of which was the production of large metallic reflectors. During the progress of his experiments the Earl of Rosse discovered that the only metals which should be employed in forming speculum metal are copper and tin, and that the proportion should be, copper 58.9 to tin 126.4. Of these metals, for his large speculum, he melted three tons, in three cast iron crucibles. In his first trial to melt the metal, he found that the weight was so great that it insinuated itself into the heated crucible, and oozed through it at the bottom. To remedy this, his lordship had crucibles cast with their faces upwards. Crucibles are always cast with the bottoms up, and so the air rising, makes those parts porous, and caused the oozing of the metal. The plan he adopted—of getting them cast face upward—allowed the air to lodge at the top; and he completely succeeded in his next attempt. Having sunk in the ground three large furnaces, each about four-feet in diameter, and six-feet deep, and connected with a chimney about nineteen-feet high, and four-feet broad, tapering slightly to the top, he heated them with turf fires, which he preferred to coal. One crucible, holding one ton of metal, was placed in each, and for nineteen hours was subjected to an intense heat. The shape on which the metal was to be cast being made ready, and three sleepers being rightly placed to receive the crucibles, they were lifted, by means of an immense crane, from their furnaces; and at nine o'clock on the evening of the 18th of April, 1842, without accident or delay, they simultaneously poured forth their glowing contents—a burning mass of fluid matter, hissing, heaving, pitching itself about for a minute, and then calmly settling into a monument of man's industry for ever. There were a great many witnesses of this scene, and not one can forget the entire composure of Lord Rosse's manner. While every other person seemed anxious and fearful, he directed the men as collectedly and easily as if it was one of the most ordinary occurrences of life; and his only answer to the many proffered suggestions of the bystanders was, "There's no fear—there's no hurry." When the metal had settled, it was drawn by a capstan into a heated oven, and built in, where it remained for sixteen weeks, annealing. The great difficulty experienced in producing large reflectors is, that in cooling the metal generally cracks; and when this does not occur, the number of holes often found in the solid mass renders it of no use. Lord Rosse has the merit of overcoming completely both these obstacles. The plan usually adopted in casting is to make the shape in sand; this substance, however, in his lordship's experiments, allowed the under portions of the metal to remain heated as long as the upper, and both surfaces setting together, left the central portions the last to cool, which thereby caused warping and crack-



THE EARL OF ROSSE'S GIGANTIC TELESCOPE.

ing in the speculum. Lord Rosse thought that if the metal was cast in a shape of iron, its high conducting power would cool the under surface rapidly, and that the cooling would extend itself gradually to the top. This he found, on trial, to be the case; but the air and gas that is always mixed with the fluid metal not having the porous sand to allow its escape, rose through and filled with holes the speculum, and consequently destroyed it. The problem now was to find some substance of sufficiently high conducting power to cause rapid cooling; but, at the same time, sufficiently porous to allow the escape of air when the metal was poured on it. In a happy moment the noble mechanic solved it. He thought that by binding together layers of hoop-iron, and turning the required shape on them edgewise, that the interstices would be too small to let the metal pass, and large enough to give the air exit. The existence of the six-foot speculum is a magnificent proof of the truth of the calculation.

The speculum being cast, was left for sixteen weeks in the annealing oven; and we may well envy, but can scarcely imagine, the feelings of its maker, when, on removal, it was found without spot or blemish. The surface had now to be ground and polished. The figure required for the surface of a reflecting speculum is that of a parabola. There is, in general, very great difficulty in producing this curve; and it has been such a terror to opticians, that few can be found willing to undertake a speculum of larger diameter than six or eight inches. However, Lord Rosse, by a combination of motions, both of the speculum and polishing tool, easily produced the desired effect. The speculum was placed in water, and turned round by the steam-engine, while the polisher had a horizontal motion given by the same means: these two motions were the most apparent, but there were others, into the consideration of which we could not enter sufficiently briefly. The grinding-tool was made of iron, turned to the required shape in his lordship's workshop; it was then cut by grooves into octagonal shaped pieces on the surface, and holes bored through it in different places, to allow sand and water to run from the upper surface between it and the speculum: the supply of sand and water was constantly kept up. The entire weight of the grinder was not allowed to rest on the speculum; it was partly counterpoised by a weight hung to an attached lever. It required six weeks to grind it to a fair surface. The polishing generally requires only six hours. The same tool that grinds it is, for the purpose of polishing, covered over with pitch, on which crocus is spread; nothing else is necessary. The division of the tool into small parts on the surface by grooves is requisite for producing a good shape. If an even surface of pitch were used, the heat that is produced by the friction making the pitch soft, it would accumulate in some places more than others, and so destroy the right shape; but, when the surface is divided into those small portions, the pitch cannot be pushed to any distance from its original position, and, of course, the surface must be constantly true.

The speculum is six feet in diameter, with a focal distance of fifty-two feet; its power of magnifying may be judged of by the fact, that a por-



A SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE MOON, as described in our last.

tion of the moon, the size of a common house, will be visible. Before being placed in the tube it will be fastened to what is called an equilibrium bed, a support made of triangular pieces of iron which have a motion among themselves, and be so disposed that they will adapt themselves to every change of state of the speculum produced by variation of temperature and other causes, and so prevent warping and its consequences. The iron pieces are to be lined with frieze and pitch.

We shall resume this subject next week, when we intend to bring forward some particulars of the remarkable discoveries said to have been made a few years since by Sir John Herschell, at the Cape of Good Hope.

SENSATION OF STARVATION.—I have never yet seen a treatise or dissertation upon starving to death. I can speak feelingly of nearly every stage except the last. For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his sufferings are, perhaps, more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unappeasable craving at the stomach, night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread, and other substantials; but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, as was occasionally the case with us, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity; but, five minutes afterwards, his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence. On the fifth day, his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his colour an ashy pale, and his eye, wild, glassy, cannibalish. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from very weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy; the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind. The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude

and further prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still left to a degree; but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it, if it can be saved without a tax upon bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with unnatural strength; and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly onward, wondering whence proceeds this new and sudden impulse.—*Kendall's Santa Fe Expedition.*

NUTS.—Sheridan laid a wager that he would ask a woman six times the price of some nuts she was bawking, without being informed, and the following colloquy ensued:—"Well, how do you sell your nuts?" "The nuts, Sir? you never saw finer nuts; these is the real Bassylony." "But how do you sell them?" "You won't find a bad one in a hushel; these is the real Bassylony." "But the price?" "Crack one, and try, Sir. As sound as a roach, and the real Bassylony." "Woman—woman, what is the price of them?" "You won't crack one, Sir? Will you try a pint? they is the real Bassylony." "Will you tell me at what price you sell them?" "Surely, yes, Sir. A quart or a pint of the real Bassylony?"—"The price—the price!" "Don't be impatient, Sir. There's one cracked. Try it, sir; it's a real Bassylony."

RAILWAY VERSUS STAGE-COACH TRAVELLING.—A train of coaches, weighing about eighty tons, and transporting 240 passengers with their luggage, has been taken from Liverpool to Birmingham, and back from Birmingham to Liverpool, the trip each way taking about four hours and a quarter, stoppages included. The distance between these places by the railway is ninety-five miles. This double journey of 190 miles is effected by the mechanical force produced in the combustion of four tons of coke, the value of which is about £5. To carry the same number of passengers daily, between the same places, by stage-coaches, on a common road, would require twenty coaches and an establishment of 3,800 horses, with which the ninety-five miles in each direction would be performed in about twelve hours, stoppages included.

VIOLATION OF MILTON'S TOMB [Extracted from *General Murray's Diary, unpublished, 24th August, 1790*.]—I dined yesterday at Sir Gilbert's. As soon as the cloth was removed, Mr. Thornton gave the company an account of the violation of Milton's tomb, a circumstance which created in our minds a feeling of horror and disgust. He had been one of the visitors to the hallowed spot, and obtained his information from a person who had been a witness to the whole sacrilegious transaction. He related the event nearly in the following manner:—

The church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, being in a somewhat dilapidated state, the parish resolved to commence repairing it, and this was deemed a favourable opportunity to raise a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of our immortal bard, Milton, who it was known, had been buried in this church. The parish register-book bore the following entry: "12 November, 1674. John Milton, gentleman, consumption, chancel."

Mr. Ayscough, whose grandfather died in 1759, aged 84, had often been heard to say, that Milton was buried under the desk in the chancel. Messrs. Strong, Cole, and other parishioners, determined to search for the remains, and orders were given to the workmen on the 1st of this month to dig for the coffin. On the 3d, in the afternoon, it was discovered; the soil in which it had been deposited was of a calcareous nature, and it rested upon another coffin, which there can be no doubt was that of Milton's father, report having stated, that the poet was buried, at his request, near the remains of his parent; and the same register-book contained the entry "John Milton, gentleman, 15 March, 1646." No other coffin being found in the chancel, which was entirely dug over, there can be no uncertainty as to their identity. Messrs. Strong and Cole having carefully cleansed the coffin with a brush and wet sponge, they ascertained that the exterior wooden case, in which the leaden one had been enclosed, was entirely mouldered away, and the leaden coffin contained no inscription or date. At the period when Milton died it was customary to paint the name, age, &c. of the deceased on the wooden covering, no plates or inscription being then in use; but all had long since crumbled into dust. The leaden coffin was much corroded; its length was five feet ten inches, and its width, in the broadest part, one foot four inches. The above gentlemen, satisfied as to the identity of the precious remains, and having drawn up a statement to that effect, gave orders, on Tuesday the 3d, to the workmen to fill up the grave; but they neglected to do so, intending to perform that labour on the Saturday following. On the next day, the 4th, a party of parishioners, Messrs. Cole, Laming, Taylor, and Holmes, having met to dine at the residence of Mr. Fountain, the overseer, the discovery of Milton's remains became the subject of conversation, and it was agreed upon that they should disinter the body, and examine it more minutely. At eight o'clock at night, heated with drink, and accompanied by a man named Hawkesworth, who carried a flambeau, they sallied forth, and proceeded to the Church—

"When night

Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons

Of Belial, flushed with insolence and wine."—Milton.

The sacrilegious work now commences. The coffin is dragged from its gloomy resting place; Holmes made use of a mallet and chisel, and cut open the coffin slantways from the head to the breast. The lead being doubled up, the corpse became visible; it was enveloped in a thick white shroud; the ribs were standing up regularly, but the instant the shroud was removed they fell. The features of the countenance could not be traced; but the hair was in an astonishingly perfect state, its colour a light brown, its length six inches and a half, and although somewhat clotted, it appeared, after having been well washed, as strong as the hair of a living being. The short locks growing towards the forehead, and the long ones flowing from the same place down the sides of the face, it became obvious, that these were most certainly the remains of Milton. The quarto print of the poet, by Faithorne, taken from life, in 1670, four years before he died, represents him as wearing his hair exactly in the above manner. Fountain said, he was determined to have two of the teeth, but as they resisted the pressure of his fingers, he struck the jaw with a paving-stone, and several teeth then fell out. There were only five in the upper jaw, and these were taken by Fountain; the four that were in the lower jaw, were seized upon by Taylor, Hawkesworth, and the Sexton's man. The hair, which had been carefully combed and tied together before interment, was forcibly pulled off the skull by Taylor and another; but Ellis, the player, who had now joined the party, told the former, that being a good hair-worker, if he would let him have it, he would pay a guinea bowl of punch; adding, that such a relic would be of great service, by bringing his name into notice. Ellis, therefore, became possessed of all the hair; he likewise took a part of the shroud and a bit of the skin of the skull; indeed, he was only prevented carrying off the head by the sexton. Hoppy and Grant, who said that they intended to exhibit the remains, which was afterwards done, each person paying sixpence to view the body. These fellows, I am told, gained nearly one hundred pounds by the exhibition. Laming put one of the leg bones in his pocket. "My informant assured me," continued Mr. Thornton, "that

while the work of profanation was proceeding, the gibes and jokes of these vulgar fellows made his heart sick, and he retreated from the scene, feeling as if he had witnessed the repast of a vampire." Viscount C., who sat near me, said to Sir G., "This reminds me of the words of one of the fathers of the church; 'and little boys have played with the bones of great kings!'"

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drown'd! drown'd!"—HAMLET.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammy.

Look up her tresses;
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently—kindly—
Smoother, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

Hood's Magazine for May.

SENSIBILITY.—A Lyons journal relates that, a few days ago, a lady in deep mourning, with a countenance expressive of profound grief, entered the shop of a chemist of that town, followed by a servant in livery, carrying a box on which armorial bearings were richly emblazoned. She asked for some spirits of wine, while her servant placed the box on the counter, which she opened, and took out a glass bottle as richly cut, containing a heart, and desired that it might be filled with the spirits. The chemist, almost overcome by the sight of the object and the distress of the lady, complied with her request. He then ventured to express his sympathy, observing that the object of her tender solicitude must have been lost to her at a very early age from its diminutive size. She replied, in tones almost inaudible from her sobs and tears, "Oh, Sir, it is the heart of the being I held the most dear in the world; it is that of my poor dear little darling dog!"

DISEASES OF HARDWARE OPERATIVES.—There is no town in the United Kingdom in which diseases of the chest or thorax are so general as among the artizans of Sheffield.

Grinding cutlery and hardware goods is an employment peculiarly destructive to human life. The instances of suffering from this cause are numerous—it might be said almost general—among the class that follow this occupation.

Grinding, on a large scale, is almost exclusively confined to Sheffield and its neighbourhood. The principal articles are all ground on a wet or a dry stone. Many articles are ground upon both, and only a few, such as saws and scythes, on the wet stone alone. The injurious effects chiefly arise from the dry-grinding. The evils it produces are of modern origin. Previously to the introduction of steam all grinding-wheels were situated in rural localities on the banks of rivers, at a distance of from two to five miles from the town. The artizan, by this means, whether he lived in the country or the town, had the benefit of free air and exercise. The buildings were nearly open, and there was always maintained a free ventilation. Besides this, the grinder had frequent holidays, when the supply of water was either too small or too great. But the regularity of steam has imposed upon him a system of continuous labour. At the time referred to dry-grinding was almost entirely unknown. It has been introduced owing to the gradual reduction of wages, arising from the increase of machinery and competition, because it is much more expeditious than wet-grinding, though, if it be not skilfully applied, it is apt to injure the temper of the article. The modern wheels are erected in the town, and no regard has been paid to their proper ventilation. Each apartment is occupied by ten or twelve workmen belonging to different branches. Clouds of dust rise from the stone, envelope the grinder, and continue to float round him. There is no outlet, and the respiration is continually impeded by the inhaling of particles of dust and metal. In the grinding of small articles, such as needles, penknives, razors, and forks, the dust evolved far exceeds that of other articles, and the mortality of those engaged in these branches of manufactures is truly frightful. Dr. Holland remarks, that though he had frequently heard of the pernicious tendency of needle-grinding, and though prepared to believe much from elaborate investigation into similar pursuits, the physical evils produced by it exceed all that imagination had pictured. He goes so far as to say, that he could not conceive that men could be found so daring or so reckless as to engage in an occupation when protracted suffering and certain death were the results. Yet, strange as it may at first sight appear, these men are much worse paid than those who are employed in less dangerous branches. The reason is, that only the most ignorant class of workmen will engage in the pursuit. "What must we think," says the writer, "of a branch in which the workmen are employed only half the day, having the rest for gardening and amusements, yet the majority are killed off below thirty years of age?" The remedy for this frightful state of things has proved effectual wherever it has been adopted. It is extremely simple, and by no means expensive. About twenty years ago some benevolent individuals warmly agitated the question of a remedy, and the result of the efforts made at that time was the invention of the magnetic guard or mouth-piece, the efficiency of which consisted in attracting the metallic substances evolved in the process of grinding. It was no safeguard against dust: half the evil, or perhaps the greater part of it, remained. From the debased character of many of the grinders, it is manifest that any contrivance, to be permanently useful, must be cheap, and likewise simple in its construction; otherwise it will, with such a class of men, be useless.

The knowledge of these facts suggested a plan, which is not less simple than efficient, and which the trial of years has proved to be equal to the thorough correction of the evil. A wooden funnel, from ten to twelve inches square, is placed a little above the surface of the revolving stone, on the side the farthest from the grinder, and this funnel terminates in a channel immediately under the surface of the floor; or we may consider the channel simply as a continuation of the funnel, in order to avoid any confusion in the explanation. The channel varies in length, according to the situation of the grinder, in reference to the point where it is most convenient to get quit of the dust. If we suppose that eight or ten grinders work in the same room, each has his own funnel and channel, and they terminate in one common channel, the capacity of which is perhaps twice or three times as great as each of the subordinate or branch channels. The point where they terminate is always close to an external wall. At this point, within the general channel, a fan is placed, somewhat in form like that used in winnowing corn, and to this is attached a strap which passes upwards and over a pulley, so that whatever puts the pulley in motion causes the fan also to revolve. The pulley is placed in connection with the machinery which turns the stone, so that whenever the grinder adjusts his machinery to work, he necessarily sets the pulley and the fan in motion. The fan acting at this point, whatever may be the length of any of the subordinate channels, causes a strong current to flow from the mouth of each funnel, which carries along with it all the gritty and metallic particles evolved, leaving the room in which the operations are pursued free from any perceptible dust. When the whole apparatus is perfect

and in excellent condition, the atmosphere of the place is almost as healthy as that of a drawing-room.

In one manufactory, where the apparatus is kept in beautiful order, the dust is thoroughly removed; and in this case it is conveyed by the general channel into a trough of water on the outside of the building. The quantity which accumulates in it, in a few weeks, is very great; and in raising it in a mass, it seems to have almost the specific gravity of metal. The expense in the construction of the apparatus would scarcely exceed the proportion of a sovereign to each grinder. The funnel will cost only a few shillings, and the channel, if the grinder work on the ground floor, may be formed by the excavation of the earth, placing bricks over it, or it may be formed entirely of bricks. The fan and the pulley may be purchased for a mere trifle.

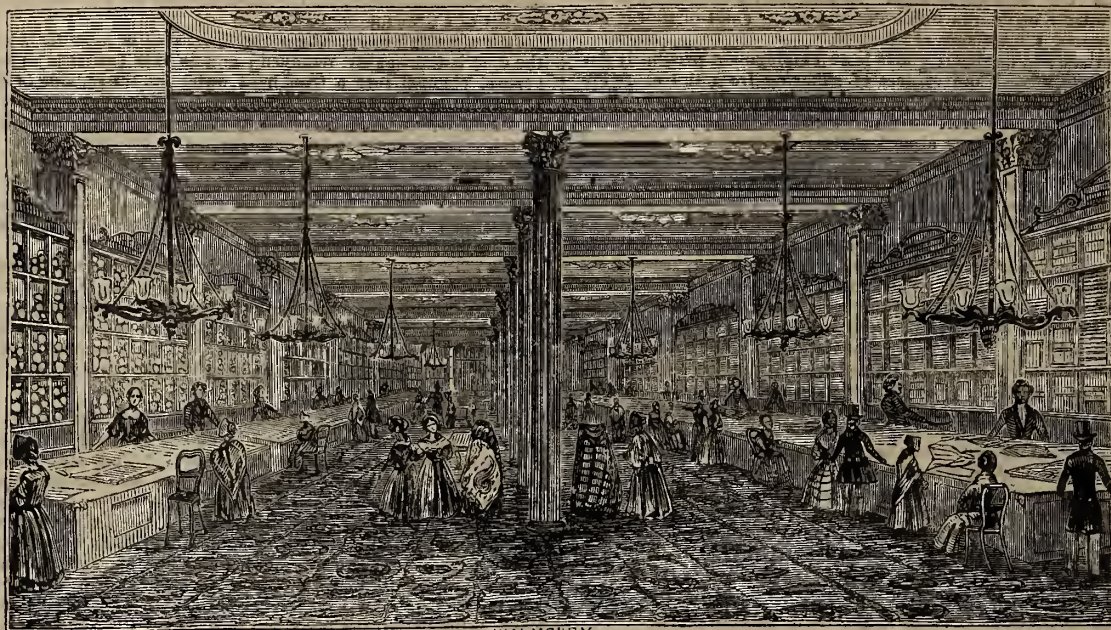
The efficacy of this plan has been found complete. Where the apparatus has been in operation for years not a single individual has been found affected with pulmonary complaints; and the branch in which this has been observed—that of the grinding of spindles—would otherwise have been very destructive. A few of the more intelligent grinders have, at their own expense, put up an imperfect apparatus, and have derived benefit from it.

JUNOT AND HIS SERVANT.—Junot, the Duke d'Abrantes, was extremely kind to his servants, and it was well known in Paris that they robbed him to a considerable amount. "They may take a few bottles of wine, or a few pounds of meat, I believe," said Junot, when his friends referred to the circumstance, "but the real robber is my steward, and I do believe he plunders me by wholesale." Then why not get rid of him? "It is of no use," replied the marshal; "he is in other respects a good man; he is attached to me, and has rendered me some services; besides, if I were to dismiss him, I should be cheated in the same way by another." On the first day of the year, a grand day in France, the numerous servants belonging to the marshal came to offer their customary congratulations. On each of them he conferred a gift—"As to you, Sir," said he, addressing his steward, "I will make you a present of every thing you have robbed me off during the past year." The steward made a low bow and retired.

BURIAL OF A MOOR.—One of a company of Arabs who have been travelling through France, and performing at the theatres, died lately at Mons. The following details of the ceremonies observed are from the *Gazette de Mons*:—"In the first place all his hair was shaved off, and the body was washed and perfumed with essences. It was then dressed in a new white tunic, and placed in a coffin, not entirely closed, with a copy of the Koran on the bosom of the corpse. On arriving at the cemetery, the Arabs took off their shoes and washed their feet. Two of them, who were to place the body in the grave, went into the house of the grave-digger, and took a cold bath. After that the chief of the company, isolated from all who surrounded him, recited the prayers. These being concluded, the two men above-mentioned took off their belts, and with them let down the coffin, which had been previously closed, and subjected to copious ablution. At this moment the Arabs set up a terrible howling, and then each threw some earth upon the grave. This was the conclusion of the ceremony."

TICKET, No. 7.





WALMSELEY.

THE NEW MANUFACTURE OF GLASS DAMASK—TISSUE DE VERRE.

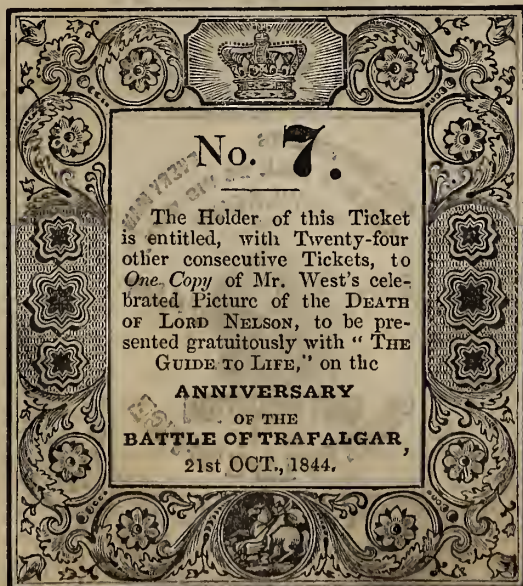
Few novelties surpass in strangeness, and not one equals in beauty the newly invented glass damask, or tissue de verre, as it is called. It will surprise our more rustic readers to tell them in London, now, we have glass window curtains—a truly beautiful, soft, pliant damask made of glass, with which we have heretofore associated only an idea of brittleness. Yet so it is; and in our description of the new state-rooms at St. James's Palace it may be recollected that we mentioned this beautiful novelty as having been employed to add its splendours to the palace.

The accompanying view shows one of the new saloons lately erected for Messrs. Williams and Sowerby, the manufacturers of the tissue de verre, in Oxford-street, but conveys only a partial idea of its beauty and extent. For splendour and magnificence of design it may be ranked as the best display of domestic architecture in Europe. The dome is supported upon eight rich Sienna-marble columns, having wide spreading arches and highly enriched soffites, the continuity of these forms being carried by smaller arches to the walls, and on pilasters faced with elaborately painted arabesque and tasteful forms on glazed slate. These columns and forms are carried round the saloon by a succession of panels

and well disposed pilasters. The enrichments of the capitals—the fringes—the splendid dome—in fine, the hand of an artist of superior pretensions is everywhere visible, and the architectural skill which pervades the entire can scarcely be too highly panegyrised. In this edifice is displayed, amongst other articles of vertu, and an infinity of novelties of home and foreign productions, the beautiful tissue de verre. The throne room and her majesty's closet are the portions of St. James's which have been decorated with this fabric; and those of our readers who have not an opportunity of witnessing its effect at the palace, may now behold it in all its excellence in the saloon we depict at the patentee's.

EXTRAORDINARY EXHUMATION.—The captain of a vessel lately employed on the west coast of Africa for procuring a cargo of guano, reports, that on the 15th of January a "mummy" was dug out of the guano, and close upon it there was a common oak stave with the inscription "Columbus Delano, 1791," cut apparently with an ordinary scribe for marking wood. It was found only four feet below the surface, and no idea could be formed of the depth at which it had originally been buried; so that supposing it to have been merely covered under the then level, the accumulation of the guano over the long intermediate period of fifty-three years, could not have much exceeded two-and-a-half to three feet. It is remarkable that the body was in a state of perfect preservation, and equally so was the canvass in which it was enclosed, being perfectly fresh and strong. The fact will furnish materials for conjecture to chemists and druggists.

TICKET.



IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All Persons intending to secure a Copy of Mr. WEST'S MATCHLESS PICTURE OF

THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON,

On board the "Victory," at Trafalgar, by means of the Subscription Tickets attached to the Weekly Numbers of THE GUIDE TO LIFE, are requested to give their immediate Orders for No. XII. to which is appended the First Ticket of the series of Twenty-five Tickets; it is absolutely necessary to hold and produce to the Agents on the 21st of October next, the anniversary of The Battle of Trafalgar. Persons not commencing during the present month of May

WILL BE ENTIRELY EXCLUDED

The benefit of the gratuitous presentation of this grand National Present, which is the furthest period the privilege will be extended.

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